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58th Congress }  
3d Session }

House of Representatives

{ Document  
{ No. 472

# ROBERT H. FOERDERER

(Late a Representative-elect from Pennsylvania)

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Second Session of the  
Fifty-eighth Congress

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Proceedings in the House .....	5
Prayer by Rev. Henry N. Couden .....	7
Address of Mr. Moon, of Pennsylvania .....	9
Address of Mr. Wanger, of Pennsylvania .....	23
Address of Mr. Bates, of Pennsylvania .....	26
Address of Mr. McCreary, of Pennsylvania .....	30
Address of Mr. Burgess, of Texas .....	32
Address of Mr. Fordney, of Michigan .....	35
Address of Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana .....	38
Address of Mr. Dalzell, of Pennsylvania .....	40
Address of Mr. Sibley, of Pennsylvania .....	43
Address of Mr. Morrell, of Pennsylvania .....	53
Address of Mr. Padgett, of Tennessee .....	58
Address of Mr. Huff, of Pennsylvania .....	60
Proceedings in the Senate .....	63



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## DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE R. H. FOERDERER

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### PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE

NOVEMBER 10, 1903.

Mr. BINGHAM. Mr. Speaker, I send to the Clerk's desk the following resolutions, and ask their adoption.

The SPEAKER. The Clerk will report the resolutions.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, a Representative-elect from the State of Pennsylvania.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be directed to transmit this resolution to the Senate and a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Hon. Vincent Boreing and Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, this House do now stand adjourned.

The resolutions were agreed to.

Accordingly (at 12 o'clock and 26 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.

MARCH 16, 1904.

### MEMORIAL SERVICES TO THE LATE REPRESENTATIVE FOERDERER.

Mr. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I rise to ask unanimous consent that the House fix a day for the memorial services to a deceased Member, Hon. ROBERT FOERDERER, of Pennsylvania. I would suggest Sunday, March 27, for that purpose.

The SPEAKER. The gentleman asks unanimous consent that Sunday, March 27, be fixed for memorial services to the late Representative FOERDERER. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

MARCH 24, 1904.

POSTPONEMENT OF MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

Mr. MORRELL. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the memorial exercises in honor of the late ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk, which were to have been held on next Sunday, be postponed until Sunday, April 10, on account of the unavoidable absence of many Members from Pennsylvania and others who desire to take part in those exercises, and I would also ask that when the House adjourn on Saturday, the 9th, that it adjourn to meet on Sunday, the 10th, for the purpose of conducting those exercises.

The SPEAKER. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair hears none.

## MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY, *April 10, 1904.*

The House met at 12 o'clock m., and was called to order by Mr. Browning, the Chief Clerk, who read the following communication:

APRIL 10, 1904.

I hereby designate Hon. John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, to act as Speaker pro tempore this day.

J. G. CANNON, *Speaker.*

Mr. Dalzell took the chair.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The House will be in order. The Chaplain will offer prayer.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Rev. Henry N. Couden, D. D., as follows:

Father of life and truth and love and liberty, we approach Thee with grateful hearts for Thy boundless care and protection. We thank Thee for all the true, the noble, the brave whom Thou hast raised up in every age of the world's history, who have contributed, by their industry and devotion to truth, to the civilization of the world, and for that spirit which seeks to perpetuate their deeds in history and in monuments, which serve to inspire those who come after them to deeds of heroism by the rectitude of their behavior. We bless Thee for the ties which bind us together into families and everlasting friendships, but more especially for those ties of fraternity which bind us together as a race into one great family; and we most fervently pray that these ties may grow stronger till all the world shall know Thee and worship Thee as father, that we may live together in harmony and in peace. Let Thy blessing descend upon us now

as we gather here in a service of love to pay our grateful tribute to the men who have wrought in this representative body and made for themselves a place in the history of our country and in the hearts of those who knew them, and help us to look forward with bright anticipations to that larger life whither we are all tending to a happy reunion in a brighter realm with those whom we have loved and lost a while. And glory and honor be Thine, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

EULOGIES ON THE LATE HON. ROBERT H. FOERDERER

Mr. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, I move the consideration of the following resolutions.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman from Pennsylvania offers the following resolutions, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

*Resolved*, That the business of the House be now suspended, that opportunity may be given for tributes to the memory of Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, late a Member of this House from the State of Pennsylvania.

*Resolved*, That, as a particular mark of respect to the memory of the deceased and in recognition of his distinguished public career, the House, at the conclusion of the exercises of this day, shall stand adjourned.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased.



ADDRESS OF MR. MOON, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN: By unanimous consent this great House of Representatives has to-day convened in extraordinary session to pay its final tribute of respect to two of its deceased Members, both Representatives from the State of Pennsylvania, and this floor, ordinarily the theater of great events upon which the eye of the nation is fixed or the scene of conflicting and clashing policies, is hushed in solemn awe, as in the presence of death itself, and devoted exclusively to the consideration of the masterful and endearing qualities of our deceased fellow-Members.

My appearance here as a Representative from Philadelphia is due to the death of one of these gentlemen, the Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, of the Fourth Congressional district of Pennsylvania, and I ask the attention of the House to a few thoughts upon his history and character. His untimely death, upon the very threshold of a career of great promise, has profoundly impressed the citizens of Philadelphia, whom he represented, and his intimate associates in this House, where he was so generally loved. Mr. FOERDERER died in the prime of youthful manhood, having just completed his forty-third year. His span of life was therefore short, and his history as contained in the Congressional Directory is brief; but to those intimately acquainted with his history these few years were as significant and as fruitful of great achievements and as productive to his constituents and to his country in the particular and practical fields in which he was engaged as that of any other man in the country.

The modest records of his life, as contained in the Directory, probably written by himself, are briefly as follows: "He was born at Frankenhausen, Germany, May 16, 1860; was educated at public and private schools, but did not enter college; began as an apprentice, and soon after attaining his majority commenced business for himself, and has since been continually engaged as a manufacturer of leather; is connected as officer or director with many local financial institutions; has always been an active, ardent Republican; never sought nor held any political office until elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress as Representative from the State at large."

Such are the short and simple annals of Mr. FOERDERER as contained in the public record. But these contain no adequate idea of his real history and give no intimation of the stupendous accomplishments of the man. Let me supplement them by a brief statement of his actual achievements. An apprentice to the business of a manufacturer of morocco, without any capital except that saved by economy from his meager earnings, he became the largest manufacturer of that line in the world. Enterprise, economy, and thrift were the dominant characteristics of the man.

Circumstances to which he frequently alluded with pride were that from the days of his apprenticeship he never failed to put aside a portion of his meager earnings as a capital for his future enterprises, and from these savings alone in early manhood he established himself in the business to which he had been trained and began his independent career as a manufacturer. Recognizing the importance of the morocco industry as one of the leading staples of the world's commerce, he devoted his time and energies to its improvement.

Dissatisfied with the imperfect and unphilosophical methods of tanning hides then in use, he made a careful and extensive study of the subject, which resulted in the discovery by him

of a new method which was destined to revolutionize the industry throughout the world. Building upon the labor of other pioneers in this field, his particular and intricate knowledge of this business enabled him to wrest from nature one of her great secrets and to enrich the world by its discovery.

To ROBERT H. FOERDERER was due the great distinction of first perfecting what is known as the "Chrono process" in the manufacture of morocco, by which at the minimum cost in the shortest time the character and quality of the finished product was brought to a degree of perfection never before possible. In the hour of his triumph, when elated with the consciousness of victory and with the recognition of the stupendous importance of this discovery to the world, he called out with exultation, "I have conquered." These words translated into the Latin, "Vici," was given by him to the new production, and the conquest of vici kid throughout the markets of the world has become one of the historic events in the evolution of American manufactures.

At the time Mr. FOERDERER entered upon the business of a manufacturer of morocco all the finer products used by this country were imported from Europe, largely from France, and the importations of this article alone amounted to between six and ten million dollars a year. The success of the new product was instantaneous. Its merits were recognized throughout the world. Philadelphia instead of Paris became immediately the center of supply for the finished product of morocco manufacture, and before the death of Mr. FOERDERER the importation of finished morocco from Europe had not only ceased entirely, but the exportation of this article of commerce to all the great cities of Europe had become an established feature of the trade, and to-day far exceeds in volume and magnitude its importation when Mr. FOERDERER first engaged in business.

His indomitable industry and matchless energy had won an international conquest. His manufacturing establishment in the city of Philadelphia had grown to tremendous proportions, covering 20 acres of ground, upon which were erected the finest buildings and the most completely equipped morocco factory in the world. The supply of his raw material was brought from all quarters of the world. Europe, India, Asia, Africa, and South America were made tributary to his great enterprise. The output of this vast plant was enormous.

The daily product of his factories exceeded 50,000 skins, and at all times there was in transit from his agents in the various parts of the world not less than 1,000,000 skins on their way to this country to be stamped by the genius of this man and again started upon their way through the channels of commerce as a finished product, often to the very ports from which they started. His morocco factory, with its allied industries, employed an army of nearly 4,000 men and created prosperity and wealth to thousands in the great city to which he belonged.

His accumulating wealth and great resources made him a central figure in the development of municipal and public enterprises.

His business sagacity and practical experience, so marvelously developed in the creation and expansion of this vast industry, was enlisted in the internal improvement of his home city. He became allied intimately with many of the important financial operations for the betterment and enlargement of Philadelphia. His genius for organization, his courageous public enterprise, and a spirit of broad-minded civic pride had already accomplished much, and had his life been preserved a few years he would have brought to completion projected plans of great magnitude that would have stamped his name indelibly as one of our foremost municipal benefactors.

The phenomenal development of his business brought him great wealth. As rapidly as his wealth was created he devoted it to the enlargement and expansion of his business. He aimed to establish on this continent the largest manufactory of glazed kid in the world. This laudable ambition he accomplished and then turned his mind to questions of public interest. He had the patriotism and courage to risk much for the city in which he lived, and in carrying out these plans he came in contact with the public men of that city.

His masterful executive ability, his tireless energy, and his accurate knowledge of industrial science attracted the attention of the public-spirited men who controlled municipal affairs, and although he had never sought political prominence of any kind or had been in any way closely identified with political organizations, the value of his counsel in public affairs was immediately recognized, public position was tendered him, and at the age of 40 the great honor of representing the State of Pennsylvania in the National House of Representatives as Congressman at large came to him as an unsolicited tribute to his sterling worth and courageous public spirit. He had never held office. He had never been an aspirant for public honors, and yet, in the year 1900, he was unanimously chosen as the candidate of the Republican party to this distinguished position.

He was at that time a busy man. Had the creation of wealth been his chief object in life his enterprises in Frankford were enough to satisfy his loftiest ambition. He was in full prime of a vigorous manhood, and the temptation to employ his superlative opportunities in the amassing of an individual fortune must have been great, but to this call to public duty he promptly responded. At great personal sacrifice he took upon himself the duties of his exalted position and gave his time and energy to the service of his country.

He had no ambition for a public career. He recognized from the beginning that the services he could render to his State and country were not of that conspicuous kind that could win popular applause. He was not lured to this sacrifice by the siren voice of fame, but made it absolutely at the call of what he conceived to be his highest duty, and only those who knew him best can ever realize how much it cost him to add to his already overburdened life the conscientious discharge of his duties in public station.

At the expiration of his first term of service, by an act of legislature the State of Pennsylvania was redistricted so that in the election of 1902 the position of Congressman at large no longer existed, and his own district in the city of Philadelphia tendered him the unanimous nomination of Congressman from the Fourth district of Pennsylvania, to which he was elected by an overwhelming majority in the fall of 1902, and at the time of his death he had therefore just entered upon his second term of national service.

The responsibilities of Congressional life added seriously to the strain of his private business. His extensive manufacturing establishment required much personal supervision and exacting attention. His expanding interests in local enterprises had reached a magnitude and importance that demanded his time and his energy, and his relentless determination to give to his public duties the full measure of their insistent demands was a burden that even his stalwart frame and vigorous manhood could not adequately meet, and, therefore, on the very threshold of young manhood, in the heyday of a vigorous prime, in the midst of the fruitful activities of an earnest life, when his friends and constituents were confidently expecting for him conspicuous success in the new duties to which they had called him, he was, by the mys-

terious dispensation of an overruling Providence, suddenly called from his labors.

What marvelous contrasts exist in this brief review of the life of Mr. FOERDERER, and what striking and instructive lessons of national importance can be drawn from their study. Born in a foreign land, of foreign parentage, while yet a young man he came by unanimous choice to represent his great State in the National House of Representatives. An humble apprentice and a day laborer, he became the head of a great organization and chief captain of an industry giving employment to thousands. Without the aid of adventitious circumstances and with no capital except that of the savings from his own industry, he became one of the wealthiest manufacturers in this great country; without education except that of the common schools and the mastery of his own trade, he became a wise counselor in the affairs of a nation and the leading spirit in great enterprises. His life truly exemplifies that oft-forgotten truth that there is no royal road to eminence, and gives added emphasis to the cardinal American doctrine that the possession of those qualities which are the inheritance of every American boy—industry, economy, and inflexible purpose—may bring to the humblest son of a toiling father the richest rewards that the world has to bestow.

Such were the real records and achievements of Mr. FOERDERER, achievements of themselves sufficient to stamp him a man of great individual force and of superlative business and moral character, achievements that are typical of the highest phase of American progress, and achievements that won for him the ambitious expectations of his friends and which make his sudden and untimely death a personal and national loss.



He died upon the threshold of his national duties, and the questions constantly presented to the minds of those who knew him best were, What were his future prospects here? What part was he destined to play upon the floor of this House? To what extent were his broad experience, his practical knowledge, and his disciplined energy to be felt in national legislation? These are questions which must forever remain unanswered.

These are problems that only the inscrutable eye of the Great Master can ever solve. But I confidently venture the statement that his continued service here would have been of great advantage to his country and would have added materially to his own reputation. The traditions of Congress and the salutary rule adopted here limits the scope of a new Member. The growth of his influence is necessarily slow, and no man in his first term of service can reasonably expect to impress himself seriously upon this body. He must become acquainted with methods of procedure; he must master details of legislative practice; he must await the opening of any opportunity; and the brief limits of his experience upon this floor had denied Mr. FOERDERER the possibility of complying with these conditions.

At the time of his death he had become known only to a limited circle, and to the great leaders of the House his qualifications for usefulness were not entirely understood.

A philosophical review of the history of American legislation develops the facts that its progressive stages divides itself naturally into eras and epochs, and that the greatness of the nation is nowhere more emphatically shown than in our ability to bring to the front groups of men with special qualifications for the solution of the immediate problem of these respective eras. To this marvelous resourcefulness of



the nation, to this power of adaptability to every phase of history, is the commanding and resistless development of our great country in no small degree indebted.

From our composite population, blended together in the crucible of American nationality, have risen men of diversified talent, whose tested qualifications as leaders of thought and creators of public policy in the ever-changing phases of national development have been the wonder and admiration of the world. In the earlier period of our history, when the stupendous and untried problem of the adaptability of a written constitution to the expansion and growth of a new country confronted the philosophical statesmen of the world, and when this question was further complicated by the existence of independent States, with arbitrary and independent powers, bound together under the form of a central Government, there arose a series of questions of constitutional limitations and of State rights that had never before challenged the attention of statesmen, and then, upon the floor of this House, there arose such men as Webster, Clay, Jefferson, Calhoun, and Hayne, whose profound statesmanship, forceful eloquence, and philosophic reasoning excited the admiration of their countrymen and profoundly stirred the political thinkers of the world.

That was the area when Congress was the arena for intellectual giants skilled in the art of statecraft and of the eloquent debater whose logical deductions were to shape the destiny of a new nation; and when subsequently in the solution of this great problem its final arbitrament was transferred from the field of legislation to the field of battle, then there began another Congressional era, and other legislative questions came to the front upon the floors of Congress, and another school of

political leaders was created by the exigencies that confronted us, and there was added to the long list of American leaders another galaxy of distinguished statesmen—a Lincoln, a Grant, a Garfield, a Blaine, and other brilliant names whose records adorn the pages of America's legislative, military, and executive history.

When the long strain of the fierce conflict was over, when these great political problems were finally settled by the arbitrament of war, and a reunited nation once more assembled here, then another series of questions, without historic precedent and of supreme importance, occupied the legislative thought of the nation. Then began another era—the era of reconstruction. And to this supreme task was devoted the best thought and the ripest experience of the country; and again upon the floor of the American Congress the qualifications of her leaders were molded and shaped by the dominant needs of the hour.

It is therefore apparent that in the successive stages of our history our country has called to her aid upon the floors of Congress men of diverse training, of varied qualifications; men from every walk of life, and men especially adapted by experience and education to the particular duties and special needs that characterized the particular eras in which they served.

What are the dominant characteristics of our present Congressional era?

What are the great questions that challenge the thoughtful attention and serious consideration upon the floor of this House to-day? Not constitutional construction, not the distinction between civil and military powers, not the question of internal taxation for the support of large armies, not the delicate problems of the relation of insurrectionary States to a restored

Union, but they are questions almost wholly of an industrial character. We are in the midst of an era of economic legislation, the distinctive peculiarity of which is our internal industrial development.

Our dominant policies are those which tend to the improvement of our laboring classes at home and to the conquest of the commercial world abroad. We point with patriotic pride to our increasing national wealth and to the growing magnitude of our export statistics. And while we are as keenly alive to-day to questions of national honor and to our growing importance in international affairs, the keynote of the present political era is commercial supremacy and the expansion of our industries.

The commanding problems or the more as they are presented to us here are the just boundaries between capital and labor, the importance of tariff schedules, and the perils of trade organizations, and that man serves his country best and takes his place as a commanding figure in this House who has best mastered these questions, who by study and experience can bring to their solution the greatest measure of practical intelligence. And the man to-day who can so wisely shape the policy of the Government as to create new industries or who can give a new impetus to our already stupendous leadership in the workshops of the world may gain from this generation as great a credit as he who has solved the problems of constitutional limitations or who has led our victorious armies to success upon the field of battle.

For these important duties it is safe to say that Mr. FOERDERER was admirably equipped. He had been a laborer himself, and was at the time of his death a commander of a great army of laborers. He perfectly understood their rights and limitations; and on that subject of commanding

importance, whose claims for recognition and whose insistent demands for legislation are daily heard in this Chamber, his judgment, his advice, and his knowledge would have greatly aided this body and would have proved a potential factor in its solution.

He was a great manufacturer. He had created a business from small beginnings and upon the corner stone of industry and economy. It had grown to vast proportions under his personal supervision. He had stimulated and created its expansion from this humble beginning and had seen it assume a world-wide importance. Its international development was the healthful and logical expansion of his knowledge, of his experience, of his study, and of his mastery of industrial laws and of the true principles of industrial economics.

He was the peer of any man upon the floor of this House in his acquaintance with the minute details and perplexing problems constantly arising in this great department of political science. Such wisdom as his, the outgrowth of practical experience tried and tested in the workshop and the countingroom, is of priceless importance to the country at large in this peculiar era of our national development.

He was a large importer of raw material from all quarters of the habitable globe wherever trade treaties existed, and wherever his raw material could be found his agents were placed, and vessels from all quarters of the globe were freighted with merchandise for his industries.

He was also a large exporter. The demand for his products was world-wide. England, France, Germany, and the Orient were growing markets for Mr. FOERDERER'S output. He was therefore familiarly acquainted with the importance and significance of tariff legislation. He knew the value of trade schedules. He had for years applied the supreme test

to the principles of protection. He knew the perils of free trade. He knew the conditions under which a vast industry could flourish. He knew the dangers of the theories of the doctrinaire, and, standing upon this elevated position of broad knowledge, upon this eminence of industrial education, he could materially aid the deliberations of this great body in this field of legislation, upon which our continued industrial and commercial prosperity so much depends.

The diversified training of his broad experience had acquainted him intimately with international improvements, with the development of international transit, with the demands of commerce for improved waterways, and with the importance to this country of bringing to the highest state of efficiency all of the great highways of commerce. These and a hundred other kindred questions were to him matters of accurate knowledge. Speculation and theory had no place in his system. His exceptional opportunities enabled him to put to the crucial test all of his ideas in this field of economic science.

He had taken them from the domain of mere theories into the laboratory of actual experience and had tested their worth in that school of final trade analysis, the factory and the counting-house; and I feel confident, therefore, in the expression of the opinion that in this field of industrial legislation he would have brought to the consideration and solution of these questions an elevated wisdom, a conservative judgment, and a disciplined mastery of detail that would have contributed an interesting chapter to the history of his own life and would have added materially to the wisdom of the American Congress in the important work that is now engaging our attention.

These of course are mere predictions. The future of no man is assured here. Untrodden paths, especially in legislative life, do not always produce expected results. But judging

the future by the past, measuring the equipments of Mr. FOERDERER from his actual accomplishments, the ambitious hopes of his friends were well founded, and the country has lost a wise counselor in the sudden closing of this new chapter in his life's history.

Of his social qualities, of his broad, genial nature and enduring friendships I shall leave others to speak. They knew him well and can bear eloquent tribute to his winning personality and his noble, generous heart. They knew of his broad-minded charity and of the unostentatious employment of his fortune in comforting the distressed and encouraging the hopeless. They knew of his tender devotion to his family and the purity and eminence of his private life.

From whatever standpoint we may consider him, ROBERT H. FOERDERER was a manly, strenuous, progressive, and representative American citizen, and his sudden death in the early prime of young manhood has in it many peculiar elements of special sadness. It is so suggestive of unfulfilled hopes, unsatisfied ambitions, and unfinished plans. We bow with humble submission to these mysterious dispensations of an overruling Providence and endeavor to seek in them the divine philosophy of Him that doeth all things well. There is doubtless some compensation in such events, and I close my remarks with the philosophy of a great poet, who, in considering the apparent calamity of the death of the young and vigorous, beautifully says:

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,  
And many deaths do they escape by this;  
The death of friends, and that which slays still more,  
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,  
Except mere breath; and since the silent shore  
Awaits at last even those who longest miss  
The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early grave  
Which men weep over may be meant to save.

ADDRESS OF MR. WANGER, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: There seems at times to be visitations by the angel of death which are not only mournful but are also startling and unnatural. The taking of ROBERT HERMANN FOERDERER at the age of 43 years from a loving and beloved wife and family, a home of rarest beauty and completeness, a business of vast and expanding proportions, and other enterprises of great moment, was of this inexplicable nature. The mystery of life and death was in it again strikingly displayed.

Trained as a manufacturer of leather in the business establishment of his father, but failing to secure the opportunity therein to demonstrate the value of an improved process, he had the courage and independence to venture upon his own resources and the ability to win phenomenal success.

For he was great ere fortune made him so.

His manners were so agreeable, his courtesy so uniform, his friendship so constant, and his fidelity so unflinching that he won esteem, confidence, and popularity no less than wealth, substantial manifestations of which were made in many forms, among them being his election as officer or director of a large number of local financial institutions.

Descended from liberty-loving Germans, whose highest aspirations in emigrating to this country were realized, Mr. FOERDERER was from infancy intensely American, and education, association, and his conception of public welfare and personal interest made him zealous and constant in the support of the Republican party; and when that party in 1900 needed a candidate in the great Keystone State for Representative at large in the Congress of the nation as an associate for the

veteran Galusha A. Grow, who would, like that distinguished statesman, personally typify its policies of protection to American industry and maintenance of sound money, and thereby aid in choosing a legislature that would, without aid from the opposing party, choose a supporter of those policies as United States Senator, it logically selected him whose death we mourn, although he had never before sought or held political office, and it triumphed completely at the election.

Mr. FOERDERER as a Member of this body was the same modest, industrious, and potential factor he had before been elsewhere, and his strong, sound sense and pleasing personality were a combination incapable of being successfully resisted, and were invariably exerted when questions of importance to his city, State, or nation hung in the balance. The office of Representative at large from Pennsylvania ceasing with the term for which he had been chosen, his worth to Philadelphia in the first session of that term had become so manifest that he was chosen Representative of the new Fourth district (in which he did not reside) in this Congress. This devotion to public duty was the more creditable and remarkable, as part of his ample fortune was supposed to be imperiled and he was burdened with the harassing details of the management and the burden of maintaining the financial credit of the great enterprise in which he had engaged at the instance and chiefly for the benefit of supposed friends, some of whom are alleged to have basely betrayed him.

This latter reason may well have been the cause of his seeming untimely taking off. His handsome, stalwart frame was well made to sustain toil and resist disease and bear great responsibility, but "ingratitude more strong than \* \* \* (other ills) o'ercame him." Punctilious in the keeping of his word and engagements, his abhorrence of those without respect for their undertakings can well be realized.



Never very intimate with him, I yet recall with pleasure his scrupulous keeping of a promise he was generous in making and more than generous in fulfilling, and well remember the first and last meeting with him in this Chamber. The first was at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress and just before the second inauguration of President McKinley, and his words voiced bonyant enthusiasm, noble purposes, and great expectations. The last was just before the close of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and, responsive to my declared purpose of spending a short time in the Carolinas or Florida before resuming professional labors, he lamented that he could not take an outing and said how much he needed one, how greatly he suffered. Yet no thought of such serious ailment afflicting him found lodgment in my mind as to prevent the announcement of the fatal termination being a great shock.

Who that paid the tribute of their regard by attendance at his funeral but was profoundly impressed by that immense concourse of friends, neighbors, and employees, who likewise did homage to his memory? We missed the gracious presence of our genial colleague, Henry Burk, who was ill, but said to be improving, and little dreamed as we saw the mortal remains of FOERDERER laid in the tomb that we should never again greet Burk in this Chamber, which his joyous spirit had so brightly illumined in his brief Congressional service. And as we turned from that mausoleum and passed from the immense throng so reverently surrounding it, it was with the cheering thought that the House of Representatives of the United States and the great world were better for the life of ROBERT H. FOERDERER, who was a worthy example for his associates and successors and an inspiration for honorable effort and ambition.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BATES, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: Early death excites commiseration, particularly when the object of some special usefulness is thereby broken. The fate of the youthful Marcellus, untimely cut off, called forth the most graceful strains from Virgil and moved to a fervor that has become historic the family of the imperial household of Augustus.

It is a beautiful custom with one of our most honored fraternities to approach the grave of a brother who has fallen and cast therein a sprig of evergreen as a token of an ever-living memory. This House is at this day and hour placing appropriate garlands on the tomb of a revered and deeply mourned brother, gathered along the pathway of affectionate companionship and memory.

We are reminded in Holy Writ to rejoice with them that do rejoice and weep with them that weep, and this injunction is easy to obey when the cause of mourning is the death of a man whom but to know was to love.

In all my acquaintance with the deceased I found him a man of most generous nature, unassuming, but positive and forceful, possessed of great business energy. Hon. Charles Emory Smith sends me this tribute: "He had a fertile mind well stocked with ideas and lavish in their outlay; warm hearted, open handed, genial, kindly, and sympathetic. His charities were liberal and bestowed without ostentation."

The Rev. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, in writing to me yesterday gave the following as his estimate of the character and influence of HON. ROBERT H. FOERDERER:

He was an employer who lived on such fraternal terms with his employees that strikes in his establishment were impossible; he was

approachable from the ranks of the humblest, and was a sincere helper of the poor, giving largely to their support, but always with carefully considered arrangements for their permanent good.

He was held in high esteem by the entire public of our great city, and when he prospered the people rejoiced, and when he met losses thousands sincerely sympathized with him.

The influence of his excellent character went far beyond the bounds of his personal acquaintance and touched the lives of thousands in the State outside the city.

When he died, the sorrow of our citizens was sincere, and his memory is kept alive not only by the hearty friendship which so many bore him personally, but by the continual appearance upon the surface of the results and knowledge of the good deed done in so many places where he thought it would never be known.

These testimonials from distinguished citizens of Philadelphia who knew Mr. FOERDERER well speak of him as being kind-hearted. He was, indeed, tender-hearted. I remember well the day when we were both sworn in as Members of the Fifty-seventh Congress, both being new Members. In the adjoining lobby, where we were admiring the beautiful floral tributes, I presented to him my mother. As he turned to me his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears as he said:

Mr. Bates, the greatest regret I have is that my mother did not live to see this day.

Any man who carries on a business at home and attends to the arduous duties often imposed on a Member of Congress lives a strenuous life indeed. Is it any wonder that the mortality of the last, the Fifty-seventh Congress, was greater in proportion than all our soldiers who fell in the war with Spain? It is this modern materialistic tendency on the part of our American people that makes the "strenuous life." It is the life of toil and effort, the life of labor and of strife, the life that does not shrink from hardship, from toil, from danger, and who out of these wins splendid ultimate triumphs. The life which thanks God for the iron

in the blood of our fathers; for the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore the sword or rifle in the armies of Grant. We seem to have adopted as a national motto that no country may long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, and from unsparing efforts in the field of industrial activity. We pay due honor to the architects of our material prosperity, to the captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads. This spirit has made it possible to take into our domain islands of the seas, to enter into a closer struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, to build up our power within our borders, to point out the way to construct an isthmian canal, and to grasp the vantage points which will enable us to have our own say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and of the West.

It was this spirit, this indomitable energy, which possessed the life and soul of our young friend who has so lately fallen in the battle of life. I count him one of the martyrs to that spirit of restless energy which has so lately possessed the soul of so many Americans; and while many splendid achievements have ensued, it has been at greater cost—even at the cost of life itself.

With apparent health and strength, with prosperity and abundance in his pathway, with the highest honor his people could bestow showered upon him, with love and affection of wife and children—those to whom he was dearer than life itself—it seemed as though a long and honorable career was marked out for him; but "Man's ways are not God's ways, and His purposes are past finding out."

The summons came from on high, and we are again called upon to contemplate the saddest, the strangest, the most

inscrutable event in all this riddle of human life--death. As we utter these words our hearts go out in tenderest and deepest sympathy to those who mourn his loss so much in the old home.

With the characteristics of the race from which he sprang, he was a devoted lover of his home, and his was a model and typical American household. He was controlled by the voices which came from the church, the schoolhouse, and the fireside. He was ever in favor of that legislation which seemed to him just and righteous and for the good of the whole American people.

In his departure this House has lost a valuable, upright, and energetic Member, his State a true representative, and his home a loving husband and father.

His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

## ADDRESS OF MR. MCCREARY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: Time has "double-swinging doors," one called "birth," which ushers us into this life, the other called "death," which ushers us into eternal life. As all come into life by the one, all must inevitably depart this life through the other. Finite life is likened to the sea, tempest tossed at times, smooth and calm at others. Our frail bark is launched on its way and the journey made to the end, whether we will or no, but the poet beautifully expresses the watchfulness of our Heavenly Father during our voyage in these lines:

I know not where His islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air;  
 I only know I can not drift  
 Beyond His loving care.

And when life's fitful journey is over, again with the poet we can say:

Safe home into port; rent cordage, shattered deck,  
 Torn sails, provisions short, and only not a wreck.  
 But, oh! the joy upon the shore, to tell of voyage ended, perils o'er.

And now, Mr. Speaker, we come to-day under the appropriate custom of commemorating the passing away from mortal life and this scene of action of our colleagues who have gone before, and our threnodies are for the two late Representatives, ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk, men whose lives ran in singularly parallel lines, each born on the same foreign shore, coming here in childhood, working their way up unaided by influence other than themselves, successfully engaged in like business, entering Congress the same time,

dying in the same year, and their memorial services held in this Chamber on the same day. Both of them loving sons, devoted husbands, kind fathers, good brothers, and surrounded by many friends. We who knew them only as acquaintances and friends feel the loss of friendship, but those who were dear to them in family ties feel that deeper personal loss, ever present, ever sorrowful; and their loved ones may well appreciate the force of the words:

There are billows far out in the ocean  
Which never will break on the beach;  
There are waves of human emotion  
Which can find no expression in speech.

Victor Hugo said:

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work, but I can not say I have finished my life. My day's work will again begin in the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the midnight to open with the dawn.

But we have greater words of comfort in the knowledge through revealed religion that death does not end all. There is a life beyond, and in I Corinthians xv, 55-58, St. Paul has covered the ground of mortal life, inevitable death, and the resurrection from the grave, wherein he flings his challenge and hurls defiance to death when he says:

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?  
The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

## ADDRESS OF MR. BURGESS, OF TEXAS

MR. SPEAKER: I frankly confess a dread of death; an aversion to its discussion or contemplation; and yet out of a belief in the wisdom and wholesomeness of this custom of assembling and paying our respects to the memory of a departed colleague, briefly, I desire to offer my feeble tribute of respect to the memory of one whom I was pleased in life to call a friend. The influences of our ancestry in the shaping of our character and controlling our conduct are more potent than we often apprehend. I realized this as I came, a stranger, here the first session of the Fifty-seventh Congress. I found the fact that both of my maternal grandparents were born in the city of Philadelphia, grew to manhood and womanhood and were married there, naturally turned my curiosity and my friendliness toward those colleagues who on this floor represented the great old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Among those from Pennsylvania that I first became acquainted with was this man, ROBERT H. FOERDERER. He was a type, in many respects, of race and mind and class. His life presents an honor to two countries, an honor to that great Teutonic blood from which he sprung, that has so richly ornamented European literature and has furnished so much potent force to European civilization and has contributed so largely to sturdy, honest, industrious American citizenship. He furnished an honor to American institutions in his life, demonstrating to the world that, coming from another land, sprung of another blood, one may here find equal opportunity to work out the highest destiny. The pathway of progress



in America is bounded only by a man's honor, his ability, and his persistence.

He was a fine type of the successful young American business man. Flung into the world as an apprentice, he seized all of the available forces and exercised that great American trait, common sense, and worked out a career that would be a pride to any man of 43, when he faced the grim monster, Death. Personally he was courteous, kind, generous, and friendly, a man that success seemed not to have spoiled, a man whose soul seemed touched by all those attributes of character that appeal most fondly to the balance of men, regardless of rank or social position or of wealth. I was thrown frequently with him, and learned to like him—to like his frank, manly ways, to like the man's candor, to like his earnestness, and to like his sense of honor. These were the secrets of his business success.

Now, this is but another one of the saddest incidents of the Congressional career. He is gone. Death has claimed him, and when we find that narrow fact, when we stand before the grave, how powerless is human speech. What idle things are words. Here we all meet upon the level. Whatever our career here may have been, all go through the same great gate and cross the same dark river into the same great beyond. When we part with a friend who enters upon this long journey, we may bend and hear the mutter of the river, we may catch the faint dip of the boatman's oar, and he is gone. Of what the future may hold we have all our respective theories, by which the status beyond the river is measured by condition and performance here. But whatever our code, whatever our distinctive views, finally we must recognize how futile must our standard of measurement be.

How little we can actually know about the inner soul startles human comprehension. We all indulge at last, whatever our course here may be, in the fond belief that beyond the dark river, over yonder where presides the Great Spirit, a judgment will be rendered that we can not guess at here. Obscured by the smallest amount of dirt we may pass unseen a great diamond, and in the glittering and beautiful shell there may be inclosed the rottenest soul. Before the Great Eye all these things will be laid bare. The inner soul will be exposed in the lime light of eternity. Let us indulge the fond hope, who knew him here, that his knightly soul, that his generosity, that his unceasing loyalty to friends and country, to principle and doctrine and party—that these will shine more serenely beyond the dark river than we ever contemplated here they would.

I only speak thus briefly out of a sense of duty to the dead man who was kind to me, whom I claimed as a friend, and I can only say in closing it is a sad pleasure to attempt to say these few words out of respect to his memory.

ADDRESS OF MR. FORDNEY, OF MICHIGAN

MR. SPEAKER AND FRIENDS: A portion of this day has been set apart for the paying of tributes to the memory of the Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, late a Member of this House from the State of Pennsylvania.

I feel unequal to the occasion—to speak in fitting terms of this man and his lovable character. I am persuaded, however, to take the time of the House to briefly speak of the life, the worth, and the character of this man.

The example and the good influence of such a life and of such a character ought not to be lost.

Vast as was Mr. FOERDERER's work here and in his home State, where he was allied with immense interests, it is as a loyal friend that he will be best remembered by those who held him in greatest esteem, those who were permitted to get close to the real man and see the wonderful self-poise and mastery of self that enabled him to rise above every obstacle and stand undismayed in every climax. There was in his friendship so much of deep and true loyalty, so much of fidelity to the advancement of his friends, that this phase of his life is the most beautiful to me.

In this little world of acquaintanceship, here in the House, we can know nothing of our fellow-Member save as he appeals to each personally.

I am not a veteran in this House, but in committee association and friendly intercourse on the floor of the House I grew to know and appreciate Congressman FOERDERER, because he possessed those characteristics which attracted my liking and compelled my admiration.

I care nothing for the antecedents of his birth; I do not concern myself with the environments which led to his becoming a Member of the House. All these things are events of history with which we need not dwell.

As a fellow-Member, I was first attracted to him by those sterling characteristics of manhood and integrity of purpose which marked his every move in life. As I grew to know him more and better, I realized that he had but one thought in mind, but one dominating idea:

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the God who dwells above me,  
And the good that I can do.

MR. FOERDERER has passed from things earthly to things eternal. The record of his life on this terrestrial plain is complete, and those who knew him best loved him most.

MR. FOERDERER came to Congress as a Member of the House with the indorsement of the whole State, and not as most of us do, with a narrow or great majority of a single small Congressional district.

The voters of the great and grand old Keystone State—the State that is so properly named after the great humanitarian, Penn—chose him a Member at large. He came as a colleague of that other grand man, Galusha A. Grow, both being elected by the voters of the whole State.

He served well and faithfully, and, if I misjudge not, when the supreme mandate came to him it found him ready, and he could have said, "I have finished my course; I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith." Weighed by the standard of Shakespeare, "To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

Mr. FOERDERER'S whole life was marked by those sterling traits of old-fashioned honesty and square dealing with his fellow-men.

We Members of the House are better for having served in the same Congress with Mr. FOERDERER. Into every life that he touched he dropped the seed of kindness which, if we cultivate it properly, will have a marked effect upon our future lives and upon those with whom we mingle.

So, Mr. Speaker and Members of the House, let us drop our tokens of kindly, affectionate remembrance upon the sepulcher of Representative FOERDERER. Let us treasure the lessons of his life to us and thus have a perpetual living monument to his memory within our hearts.

A great State mourns an illustrious son, a nation's capital misses his guiding genius, and we of the House of Representatives feel the deep loss of a friend and leader. We mourn him the most because we have lost the most. No human being can erect a monument to the memory of ROBERT H. FOERDERER that will be as lasting as the work he has done here on this earth. He was a true friend—he was just.

Mr. Speaker, I loved him. I hope God has received him, and shall ever pray that his soul may rest in peace.

## ADDRESS OF MR. HEMENWAY, OF INDIANA

MR. SPEAKER: The management of the affairs of this great Government require wonderful business intellect and judgment. I do not believe that the great public understand just what the duties of a Member of Congress are. They read our Congressional Record. They read our great political debates. The newspapers of the country, with great headlines, tell of the different speeches that are being made in Congress on political questions, but they do not tell of the work that, underneath all this display, is being done in the management of the business of this great country. Millions of dollars are expended and "billion-dollar Congresses" are talked about. We are now growing beyond that even, and in this great body of men, without any display, without getting into the headlines of the newspapers, often without getting into the Congressional Record, there is a body of men who look carefully to the business interests of the country.

In 1900, when ROBERT H. FOERDERER came to Congress, another Member was added to that list of men who are constantly looking to those great interests of our Government, and another adviser was added to the long list of men who counsel the Members of this House as to some particular element of the business in which they have peculiar knowledge. ROBERT FOERDERER's judgment was always good. It was the judgment of an even-tempered business man. It was valuable to any committee of this House. I early formed his acquaintance through a mutual friend and enjoyed

his friendship and confidence, and often asked his advice. It was always of value.

I knew him socially, and I was surprised after BOB FOERDERER'S death to learn that he had so many business questions in the city in which he lived that were weighing upon his mind, for as I knew him he never had trouble. He was always smiling, he was always happy; he was a man who contributed more to the happiness of others than any other man in this House that I know, barring only three or four. He belonged in a class that we could name upon the fingers of one hand. He seemed always to be happy, and was most happy when he could contribute to the happiness of others. I shall not detain the House by talking long to-day. I did not come here because of any particular sense of duty—I came because I wanted to put into the Record, which will last longer than I shall, a word for BOB FOERDERER, who has done so much to add to my happiness and the happiness of others. His genial face and kindly and courteous manners will live in the memory of his friends as long as life is in them.

## ADDRESS OF MR. DALZELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: We come together to-day under peculiar circumstances. We meet in this legislative hall, so often the scene of party conflict and of debate upon the great questions that affect the welfare of a mighty people, in the stillness of a Sabbath hour to moralize upon the greater questions of life and death that face us in the loss of two of our colleagues, ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk. The time is only recent when their interest in the discussion and determination of great national issues was as keen as is our interest now, but "the pale messenger that with impartial footstep knocks alike at palace gate and poor man's cot" has translated them to another forum, of whose character it has not been permitted us to know.

It is the commonplace of eulogy to put the question as to what remains for us mortals when the dread sentence comes that ends our earthly pilgrimage. Ever since men have died their successors have wondered whether death is an eternal sleep or the entrance to another life in which earthly activities shall prove a preparation for further activities, and so they will continue to wonder while the world endures. Between the comforting hopes and promises of the Christian faith and the agnosticism which says "I know not" men hesitate. I have always thought that religion, as it relates to the future life, is very much a matter of temperament, and that the most of us, whatever his open profession, is disposed to say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief."



The two men about whose biers we stand to-day, ROBERT FOERDERER and Henry Burk, were in personal history and character very much alike. Their biographies present strange coincidences. They were both German by parentage. Mr. Burk was a German by birth. Mr. FOERDERER was born abroad while his parents were visiting their native land. They were both engaged at the time of their death in the same business. They came to Congress at the same time. They died within a few months of each other, and to-day we bring our parting tribute at the same time to the memory of both. They started, both of them, at the foot of the ladder, poor boys, and died rich men, successful men—not by accident, but by reason of the exercise of those qualities which, while they inure to the benefit of the individual, add also to the security of the state.

They were industrious men—men of thrift; honest, intelligent, public-spirited, charitable; democratic, possessing the amiable qualities that attracted their fellows and enlisted their love and admiration.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk each splendidly illustrated the possibilities of American citizenship. From boys in humble life they attained to the distinction of representing their people in the National House of Representatives.

My companionship with them was not of sufficient duration to enable me to speak as from personal experience of all their qualities. It was sufficiently long, however, to enable me to say, not in the extravagant language of eulogy, but in the language of simple truth, that they were good men, fitly honored by their fellows, and worthy a place in this House, the peculiar forum of the great American people.

I did not have the opportunity to attend the funeral of Mr. Burk, of whom I was very fond, but I shall never lose the

impressions made upon me by the funeral of Mr. FOERDERER. It took place on a beautiful day in the early autumn, amid surroundings suggestive of anything but death. Nature had not yet put off her summer garb; there was bright sunshine, green fields, and the bloom and the perfume of perfected fruitage and flower. Mr. FOERDERER'S home, in the midst of surroundings that appealed to the most critical taste, gave sorrowful welcome to an assemblage whose character attested the appreciation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens.

Men of mark in every walk of life were there; prominent men in the civil government of the city that had honored him, men prominent not because of place or office, but because of native character and consequent influence, but, above all, the men whose only claim to distinction was that by honest toil they earned an honest reward. They were there, his employees, the men who while they called ROBERT FOERDERER master delighted to call him also their fellow, and who left their workshops to bring their sorrowing tribute to his memory. In this particular case the only question with respect to labor and capital was as to how the representatives of labor should pay their highest tribute to the representative of capital. In the case of ROBERT FOERDERER and his men, to his honor be it said, labor and capital knew no cause of quarrel.

I bring my loving tribute to-day to the memory of ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk, my late colleagues, because I respected them both. I knew them as remarkably attractive companions as well as conscientious legislators, and I mourn both of them, as, from the standpoint of human experience, they were too soon a sacrifice to the insatiate archer, Death.

Their death was not our loss only, but that of the State of Pennsylvania and of the nation.

ADDRESS OF MR. SIBLEY, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: In the deaths of ROBERT H. FOERDERER and Henry Burk Pennsylvania mourns two of her distinguished sons who in private life and public life were conspicuous for integrity, ability, and patriotism. Rarely two lives run in such parallel lines. Both were of German extraction; both high types of American citizenship; both rose from humble beginnings to become foremost in their chosen avocations. From the ranks of labor both became captains of industry, achieving wealth and prominence. Both residents of Philadelphia; both manufacturers of leather, business rivals, and yet warm personal friends. Both were elected to Congress in the same year, and both reelected to this Congress, and, with every prospect of long years of usefulness, died before entering upon their second terms of service. Concerning these two men, how singularly appropriate are the words of David, who, lamenting, said: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

The record of their perseverance, industry, integrity, and success becomes an inspiration and an aspiration to every boy and struggling youth within the confines of the Republic. Any words of praise and of tribute which could be offered concerning one of them would apply with almost equal force to both. To me, however, upon this occasion has been assigned the duty of offering some special words of tribute to the memory of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. The Common-

wealth mourns a worthy son, the nation an able and patriotic lawgiver, the family a devoted and indulgent husband and father, and we who assemble here to-day mourn the loss of a wise counselor and a warm and faithful friend. Others upon this occasion have spoken of his great inventive skill, his business sagacity, his faithful discharge of duty to his fellow-men. My effort will be to speak of some of those nobler qualities of mind and heart which so endeared him to those of us who knew him well and who now in his memory gather to wreath the laurels of love and entwine the chaplets of esteem and affection.

Mr. Speaker, ROBERT H. FOERDERER was my loyal and loving friend; therefore pardon me if I seem too partial in my estimation of his character and worth. He doubtless had his faults, his frailties, and his human weaknesses, and though I knew him perhaps more intimately than any other Member of this House, I can not remember what they were. His was a human character as near exemplary as is possible for man to attain. Starting life as a poor boy, he, through great inventive skill, through genius and energy, achieved wealth and position while still a young man. He was never boastful over the fact that he was a self-made man, but was as modest and unassuming as a schoolgirl.

I never heard a sentence or a word fall from his lips which he might not have uttered in the presence of his mother. He was frank, outspoken, and truthful, in all things plain, candid, and sincere; and even when he differed from another in opinion it was at all times with such respect as never to wound the feelings. I sat by his side for two years and never heard him use an unkind or uncharitable expression concerning another individual Member. He always sought

to place the most charitable construction on the actions of those who were under censure. I believe hatred to have been entirely foreign to his nature. He was generous to a fault, incapable of a mean or low action, and he possessed a sense of justice that led him to despise a trick or a wrong done another.

By nature he was sunny and cheerful, and the atmosphere about him was always warm and bright and genial. Though possessed of great dignity, he had no frills, and he needed no starch to sustain his dignity. Those of us who came to know him best not alone respected him, but learned to love him. Of robust physique, but 43 years of age, it would seem that he had but crossed the threshold of a long and useful life. While with us he trusted and loved his friends, and in the hour of his departure he trusted as implicitly as a child might trust his father that more than earthly friend, and could say with the Psalmist of old, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."

Death came to him as it should come to all of us—not as an enemy, but as a friend; not as a defeat, but as a victory; not as the end, but as the beginning; not in the guise of a serpent, but in the form of an angel. Death came to him not as life's curse, but as life's coronation. His life work is finished; his pleasant voice is hushed; his feet no longer press the sands along the shores of time; but those of us with whom he mingled will until our latest days be grateful for having known such a character, and I believe we are all broader and truer, better men because our friend for a time sojourned with us.

I have in my life been peculiarly blessed with warm, generous, and noble friends who needed no crown upon their brows to make them kingly, and though at times we all may be deceived by false friends, with me they have been only the fleck of chaff in the full measure of wheat. I am profoundly sorry for that man who has reached the meridian of life, who has passed the middle milestone in his journey and has not learned that the most precious of all earthly possessions, the most valuable of all the assets he can schedule, is a true and faithful friend. I pity that man who has not learned that "warm hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than Norman blood."

I pity that man who, when the clouds gather, when the storm breaks, when the waves of trouble roll over him and the billows almost engulf him, has no friend to reach the helping hand or speak the word of encouragement and cheer to him. In this journey of life our friends stand as the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land, and in the desert places of life they are as oases clad in verdure, whose sparkling fountains and stately palm trees comfort and refresh us.

Our friend, ROBERT H. FOERDERER, remains with us only as a memory, and since his death I have heard so many kindly words spoken of him by his colleagues, that it seems sad that living he might not have known how much we valued, trusted, and appreciated him.

In the rush of personal and public affairs, in the clash of opposing ideas, in the fierceness of party spirit, we may at times fail in the outward expressions of kindly sentiment which we entertain each for the other. Yet I take it that after the consciousness of duty well done, as it was given us to interpret that duty, the most valuable recollection, the most valuable asset that we shall carry back with us when

we return to private life will be those friendships which have been here formed and enjoyed—friendships which are not limited by the central aisle running through this Chamber, for poor indeed is he whose friends are confined to those of a single faith, religions or political.

Upon both sides of this Chamber are many for whom I entertain not alone sentiments of respect and admiration, but with whom I am bound in those closer ties of friendly fellowship—men upon both sides of this Chamber whose personal success and happiness will always seem to me to come to them as a just recognition of their worth and deserts. To my mind a finer body of men of equal number never assembled upon the soil of America than those who gather here as the representatives of the American people. Truly we are the representatives—or ought to be—of the industrial, the social, and the moral attainment of the most enlightened nation of the globe. Even the weakest of us is the possessor of some strong traits of character, or we would not be here as the chosen exponent of the aims and ideas of something like 200,000 American citizens.

In this great legislative body how many men there are of true nobility, how many who compel our respect and command our confidence, and whom in time we learn to love; and yet how closely we guard our secret, how seldom we speak our praises, how scant our words of commendation, how rarely we let our friends know how much we appreciate their worth. We hesitate to tell them how we sorrow with them in defeat and rejoice with them in their triumphs. We are prone to mask our feelings and reserve our words of cheer and affection, and speak them only when those words are powerless to sustain and comfort. But after our friend has passed beyond our power to lighten his burden or cheer his heart, then—



Oh, come, let us haste to his grave, let us scatter rich garlands of flowers!  
 We gave him scant honor while living; faint, reticent praises were ours  
 For his genius, his virtues, his courage—but now his quick spirit hath fled;  
 O'er his tomb wreaths of roses and laurels and bays let us strew to him  
 dead.

Aye, now, when all weeping and praising are utterly vain, let us weep;  
 Let us praise him ungrudgingly, now that unconscious he sleeps his last  
 sleep.

Will he heed what we say? Will he hear us and see us? Ah, no; 'tis too  
 late!

We are always too late with our praises and paeans—delaying we wait,  
 Till death shrouds the windows and darkens life's warm breathing house  
 with its pall,

And in vain to the tenant departed, love, friendship, or calumny call.  
 Ah! then we arouse in our griefs; ah! then, and then only, the meed  
 That was due to the warm living spirit we give to the cold, senseless dead.

For our brother, while here he is striving and moving along the world's  
 ways,

We have only harsh judgments, stern counsel, half-uttered affections, cold  
 praise.

Our cheer of full-hearted approval, our frank, quick applause we deny;  
 Envy, Malice, and Jealousy, Calumny, all the world's bounds in full cry  
 Unrelenting pursue him, while Friendship barks low in the rear of the race,  
 Reluctant, perhaps, at his faults and frailties, till death ends the chase.

Ah! then all his virtues, his merits, shine forth; all the charms that he  
 owned

Rise up unobscured in their beauty, all frailties and faults are atoned.  
 All the good is remembered and pondered, the bad swept away out of sight,  
 And in death we behold him transfigured, and robed in memorial light.  
 We lament when lamenting is useless, we praise when all praises are vain,  
 And then turning back and forgetting, begin the same sad work again.

Ah! why did we stint to him living our gift? Were we poor? Had we  
 naught?

Not a wreath, not a flower, for our friend to whose grave we such tribute  
 have brought?

Ah, no! the largess of the heart that had strengthened and gladdened his  
 soul

We refused him, and proffered him only the critic's poor miserly dole.  
 Still we meant to be just, so we claim, though the judgment was cold that  
 we gave.

Was our justice then better than love? Come, say, as you stand by his  
 grave.



Mr. Speaker, how singular is this nature of ours that will at times rise to the loftiest peaks of sublimity, bathing its head in the eternal blue upon the mountain top and anon drag its tortuous way through swamp and morass; at times robed in its royal habiliments, again in rags, and yet again in sackcloth; endowed with the attributes of a god, and then, perchance, voluntarily dwarfing itself to the stature of a pigmy. Yet withal, in each man the God-life is predominant and with the breaking of the earth clay the nobler spirit stands revealed.

Of our departed friends whom we mourn to-day, who can remember a fault? What one of us but fondly cherishes pleasant memories? The gem was with us, but we held it in the rough. Death has removed the dross, and we now see scintillating and sparkling the real gem we wore so long unconscious of its worth. Perchance we stood too near to catch the radiance of its luster; perchance some seeming flaw marred the harmonious whole. In turning an angle in some old cathedral, we have possibly had suddenly before our vision a great picture. We deem it incongruous. It lacks all power to please. The colors seem to have been dashed thereon at random; but move farther away until we attain the proper angle for vision and there stands revealed, not a chance creation, not a whimsical production, but a painting so perfect in its outlines, so glorious in its harmonies, so sublime in its conception, that by common consent the world has pronounced it a masterpiece. To survey it as a whole rather than in a part affords us correct ideals of its beauty, and so when we review our friends at the proper distance until the slight defects are no longer apparent they stand revealed to us at the true measure of their grandeur and worth.

Phidias, the Greek sculptor, completed his statue and invited the populace of Athens to pass judgment thereon.

Without exception one and all condemned it. "Wait," said the great master, "until you see it upon its pedestal," and when placed thereon the world pronounced it the rarest creation of beauty ever fabricated by the hands of man.

Arriving by night at Chamounix, my first vision was that of Mont Blanc bathing its head in the morning sunrise. Who with words can picture this rugged mountain? Standing at its foot or essaying the easier portions of its ascent, it seemed one mass of glaciers, pinnacles, crags, and chasms; and had I left the vale of Chamounix by night I should have never known the real grandeur and sublimity of this mountain peak, but leaving by daylight, mile by mile, glacier, pinnacle, crag, and chasm were obliterated; each scar in the eternal granites was effaced or blended into one harmonious whole, showing the majestic and towering mountain in all its wonderful beauty. And so with our dead. The great healer, Time, leaves us with only pleasant memories and beatific visions of our departed friends.

In the duties of our daily contact and mutual association, shall the nearness forever blind our eyes to the real worth of living friends? Do we find imperfections only because we stand so near? Do we see scars, deep fissures, sharp angles, and jutting headlands? And is it not possible that even where these appear there may exist the grandest and most lofty character? The little hill may be round and smooth and the great mountain seamed and scarred, yet the scars are but a trifle to the mountain's mass, and the mountain top is nearer heaven than the hilltop.

And even where in our daily association we are thrown into contact with those who do not attract us, who seem cold, harsh, and repellant, perhaps it is because we have not dug deep enough to find the noble nature within. In our journey

through life we have perhaps had confronting us in our pathway some great mountain; bold, rocky, barren, and forbidding. We have shunned it, and have taken what seemed to be the pleasanter and easier path round about its base. Others coming the same way found grateful shelter beneath its shade; and digging but beneath its surface brought to light rich veins of gold and silver to cheer and gladden the world.

Mr. Speaker, we are but those of whom others shall to-morrow say, "They are the dead." From Adam down through all the ages every man has propounded to his innermost soul this question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

There is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

If a man die, shall he live again? Even if there were no divine revelation, nature, with all her myriad voices, proclaims the affirmative. Shall the general law that dominates and controls in all the realm of nature find here its single exception? Science teaches and demonstrates the absolute indestructibility of matter. Is mind, which reigns as sovereign over matter, less immortal? Shall the lesser survive and the nobler perish? I can not think so.

How simple is the mystery:

He can not die who truly lives,  
For virtue has immortal breath;  
'Tis but the sowing of the grain,  
Which blossoms into life again  
And finds perfectness in its death.

If the seed be perfect the harvest is sure;  
If the fountains be sweet the waters are pure;  
If the present is right, the answer is plain—  
If a man dieth, he liveth again.

Then why shall we call them dead? The rose flourished and faded. It cheered the chamber of the sick or gave, perchance, its perfume to the desert air; yet, in the alchemy of nature, she had stored up the fragrance, and the essential life of no flower was ever lost. Are the sunbeams that warmed the prehistoric ages lost or dead? Nay, not so! In her vast laboratory Mother Earth caught up the straggling sunbeams, hid them in her capacious bosom, and to-day, from the mountain side, men dig those crystalized sunbeams to heat and light the world.

Honest love, honest sorrow, honest work for to-day, honest hope for to-morrow;

Are these nothing more of worth than the hands they make weary,

The hearts they have saddened, the lives they leave dreary?

Hush the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit,

He who o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

Mr. Speaker, nevermore on the shores of time can we greet or serve our friend. He has gone out into the golden glories of the sunset, and though his hands be forever folded upon his breast the harp strings touched by his fingers have not ceased to vibrate, the voice of his minstrelsy is not hushed, the songs which he has sung still linger, and the echoes of his music will forever cheer our hearts.

The lessons of this hour impress upon us the fact that we can never serve our friends except while they are with the living, and the life of him whom we mourn shall still be potent if from this Chamber his example sends us forth with a brighter smile, a more cheering word, and a warmer hand clasp for the friends who still remain.

ADDRESS OF MR. MORRELL, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: I want to add a word of tribute in regard to our departed colleague, one of the best friends I had in this House, the late ROBERT H. FOERDERER. So much has been said, and so beautifully said, that it is almost impossible for me to add anything; nevertheless, I can not refrain from just a word on account of the relationship which existed between us.

On my daily journeys to and from my place in the country I pass on the railway train the manufacturing works of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. When I first went to live in the country, they were comparatively small, but each month and each year, as I looked out of the car windows I saw more ground acquired, more buildings erected, until, as was said by my distinguished colleague, the Robert H. Foerderer leather works became one of the largest and most important manufacturing establishments, not only in this country, but also in Europe, covering almost twenty acres of ground.

During this time I did not know Mr. FOERDERER. It was not until he came to Torresdale and purchased a country place almost adjoining my own that I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance. The place he purchased was one of the handsomest and most historic on the Delaware River. Shortly afterwards, desiring to extend his grounds, I met him in connection with the purchase of some ground of mine, and the experience I had with him on that occasion, and on business occasions afterwards, showed me what a quick mind he had and how, when he came to a decision,

terms and condition would be speedily agreed upon. I realized that it was through this faculty to transact business quickly that he had built up the great leather works which are situated at Frankford, in my district. I realized that it was through this power to utilize and economize time that the product of that factory is as well known in Europe as in this country. I realized that it was through this ability and his marvelous energy that he had gradually established or acquired the different enterprises necessary as feeders for this enormous trade.

Mr. FOERDERER's interests were not alone confined to his great leather works. He was identified with many other large enterprises, and in the last years of his life a great deal of his time and energy were devoted by him to the perfection of the Keystone Telephone Company, of Philadelphia, a company which he organized as a competitor with the Bell Telephone Company, in order that the rates might be reduced to the consumer.

Little by little I learned to know ROBERT FOERDERER better, and finally grew to know him well. No one had a character more lovable; no one man grew to love another with the same feeling of confidence and trust, being sure that he would never be disappointed in his ideals, than did the man who grew to know ROBERT H. FOERDERER.

In my personal and social relations with him I always found him kind and sympathetic, his advice good and conservative, and he ever stood ready to go to the front for a friend and advocate his interests. These unselfish traits I realized when, on one occasion, I needed a friend of the character of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. In nature and disposition he was generous and affectionate. The coldness of calculating selfishness was all foreign to his character. He

was not a man of policy, nor did he stoop to substitute tact and craft for courage and strength. His affection for friends was not the result of lack of confidence in himself or in his ability to stand alone, but rather the impulse of a heart as gentle as it was brave, as noble and charitable as it was fearless and true to win the regard of those who attracted him. His bearing was a most admirable commingling of manly dignity and unassuming modesty, while the kindly smile, which was indeed the sunshine from his soul, and the frank, cordial manner of his address won for him the friendship and confidence of all who were fortunate enough to know him.

Among the attractive traits in his character the one that impressed me most was his broad-minded charity for the opinions, the faults, and the harmless vanities of others. In the hours I passed in his company I never heard him speak uncharitably of any man. If he had no word of commendation, he was silent. He endeavored to trace a good and pure motive in the speech and actions of all men, and believed that men could differ widely from his views and opinions and still be as honest and sincere as he realized himself to be.

Although comparatively young in years when called from the scene of his activity, no one can feel that his life was not rounded out into full completeness or mourn on his account that it has ended, although our sympathies go out to those near and dear to him who lament his loss. All those who knew him, both in his private and public career, realize that his State, his constituency, and his friends will miss his presence and the useful and honorable place which he occupied in their councils.

His duty in life, his obligations to his country and his people had been honorably and nobly performed; and it is, perhaps, a fortunate and happy fate for a man to pass away from this

world in the height of his powers, in honorable position gained by faithful service for his fellow-men, and by their appreciation of his worth deeply regretted and lamented by them, rather than in the decrepitude of old age, with faculties impaired and usefulness gone, so that as one sinks beneath the waters of life the waves close over him without leaving a ripple of regret.

Judged by what he was and what he had done, no one can call the life of our friend a short one; nay, more, upon the calendar of events marked by them his life was longer by far than many a one of four score and ten.

He was honest, just, faithful, unostentatious, considerate, kind, and courteous; true to his country, constituents, and himself. Such characters always have and always will command respect and tribute. The youth of this great land can not do better than to strive to imitate such an example. His life illustrates the possibilities which, under our form of government, lie within the reach of those who utilize the gifts with which God has endowed them. The history of his life and of his gradual rise to fame, fortune, and position is the history of the lives of many of the illustrious men of this country. Such experiences as his are more valuable to make men suited for great emergencies, qualified to control great enterprises, and to fill responsible public positions than all the aids of birth, fortune, schools, and influential friends.

There are others who knew him longer and more intimately than I did, and for them it is more fitting to speak of him and his character more minutely and at greater length than I should do.

I heard of his serious illness when I was in Europe, and was shocked a few days later to hear of his death. ROBERT H. FOERDERER was one of the kind of men whose



personal energy and ability to inaugurate and consummate large enterprises has made Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia what they are to-day.

He was my friend, as he was the friend of all who attracted him and of all who he learned needed a friend. I miss him as a colleague; I shall always miss him as a friend and the best of neighbors, and I have sought this opportunity in all sincerity to offer a humble tribute to his memory.

## ADDRESS OF MR. PADGETT, OF TENNESSEE

MR. SPEAKER: I rise not for the purpose of making an address, but modestly to pay a tribute of respect to one whom I counted my friend. Mr. FOERDERER and I entered Congress at the same time, at the beginning of the Fifty-seventh Congress, and were assigned to work on the Banking and Currency Committee. We met as strangers; but during our service in Congress we came to know each other as friends. I learned to admire him; and it is my purpose here this afternoon to pay a sincere tribute of respect to his worth and merit as a man and as a legislator.

I believe that he was a true man, and I believe that he was earnest, honest, and sincere. That belief was founded upon our association and work together in Congress. I knew nothing whatever of his private life; I only knew him as a Member of Congress. I was associated with him only in our Congressional work in the committee room and upon the floor of the House, and from that association I learned to admire him, and thus am prompted upon this sad occasion to speak a just word of tribute to his virtues.

He was, I believe, a true and genuine and noble man. Mr. Speaker, standing in contemplation of the life and character of such a man, we have a verification of the poem which says—

Our lives are songs; God writes the words;  
But we set them to music at pleasure;  
And the song grows sad or sweet or glad  
As we choose to fashion the measure.

Such was the life of ROBERT H. FOERDERER. He laid hold of the incipient life; he laid hold of his opportunities; and nobly and grandly he rounded out a magnificent character. It is, after all, the character that we work out of our opportunities, whatever our abilities, that marks the measure and the fullness and the grandeur of the man.

True to his country, true to his fellow-men, true to his duty, true to his associates and friends here, we are better for our association with him; and the world is better that he has lived and labored.

Mr. Speaker, standing in the shadow of the death of such a man—a man whose life, whose personal character, were such as have been portrayed here this afternoon by those who knew him intimately and well, well may we say:

Scatter seeds of kindness—  
Speak gentle words—for who can tell  
What joy they may impart?  
For oft they fall as manna fell  
To some nigh-fainting heart.

The gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Sibley] referred to the language of the man of God who, speaking of the seed, said, "Except the seed perish, it can not grow; it can not have its fruition." The plant can not come, the flower can not bloom and bless, unless the seed perish. If we perish in what we call death, we know that in the hope of the resurrection the friendships begotten here shall realize the fruition of love hereafter.

## ADDRESS OF MR. HUFF, OF PENNSYLVANIA

MR. SPEAKER: It would seem but fitting that one whom Mr. FOERDERER succeeded as a Representative at large from the State of Pennsylvania should pay respect to the high character and moral worth of our deceased colleague.

I am much impressed with the solemnity of this occasion, and can add nothing to the beautiful tributes that have been paid to the character, business integrity, and public services of both Mr. FOERDERER and our lamented friend, Mr. Henry Burk, to whose families and friends we extend our deep sympathy in their great bereavement and irreparable loss, and commend them to Him who doeth all things well for that comfort and consolation which He alone can give.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. The question is on agreeing to the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Moon].

The question was taken, and the resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

MR. MOON, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Speaker, before the House formally adjourns, I would like to make an announcement. The father of the House, the Hon. Mr. Bingham, who desired to be here, has telegraphed me of his inability to come on account of his illness. He desires to ask special permission to print in regard to both of these distinguished gentlemen. I think, however, that permission is granted under the resolution.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore*. Permission has already been

granted by the House. In pursuance of the resolutions, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of our colleagues, the House stands adjourned until to-morrow at 12 o'clock noon.

And accordingly (at 5 o'clock and 2 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned.



## PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

NOVEMBER 11, 1903.

### MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania, and transmitted resolutions of the House thereon.

NOVEMBER 12, 1903.

### DEATH OF REPRESENTATIVE FOERDERER.

Mr. PENROSE. I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives relative to the death of my late colleague in that body, Hon. R. H. FOERDERER.

The PRESIDING OFFICER (Mr. Kean in the chair). The Chair lays before the Senate the resolutions indicated by the Senator from Pennsylvania, which will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

#### IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

*November 10, 1903.*

*Resolved*, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, a Representative-elect from the State of Pennsylvania.

*Resolved*, That the Clerk be directed to transmit this resolution to the Senate and a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

*Resolved*, That, as a further mark of respect to the memory of Hon. Vincent Borcine and Hon. R. H. FOERDERER, this House do now stand adjourned.

Mr. PENROSE. Mr. President, at some subsequent time I will ask the Senate to fix a day when fitting tribute may be paid to the memory of my deceased colleague. For the present, as a mark of respect to his memory, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 13 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned until Monday, November 16, 1903, at 12 o'clock meridian.

APRIL 11, 1904.

MESSAGE FROM THE HOUSE.

The message also transmitted resolutions of the House on the life and public services of Hon. ROBERT H. FOERDERER, late a Representative from the State of Pennsylvania.

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